

AUSTRALIAN

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PLAYBOY



**INTERVIEW
PUTTING THE
BITE ON STING**

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IS AUSTRALIA'S
BEST STATE?**

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CENTREFOLD**



DEALING WITH LIFE

*Lovely Pam Saunders
may have had the puberty
blues but now things are
turning up trumps.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Though you probably wouldn't find much on them in Australia's medical books, growing pains are a very real and probably unavoidable affliction. And although you may find it hard to believe, beautiful Pam Saunders had more than her fair share of the puberty blues while she was growing up in a small country town. "I never could get guys interested in me," she admits. "And I was really clumsy. I could screw up anything — fall down stairs, knock stuff over. Even now when I eat, I always spill something! But I'm learning to cope with things. I still get depressed but now I go out

and do something about it. As for guys, they'll probably all flock around after this pictorial." No worries on that score, Pam! "I love men to death!" declares Pam. "But, you know, I let them get to me. I get very nervous. I don't think I want to get married. . ." Pam admits she dreams of having her own bar-cum-restaurant, and her current preoccupation is with gambling. "I like dealing blackjack," she says, "and I like to play. I do all right. I don't bet a lot of money, I just like the challenge. I like to challenge men. I'm a better blackjack player than most of them!"









LONG TALL ALI

Leggy Sydney model
Ali Lynwood shows why
she's never been
short of admirers.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

Twenty-three-year-old Ali Lynwood got her first taste of the glamorous world of modelling and show business when she was just 16. Ali was working as a receptionist at a Sydney casting agency when one day actress Jacki Weaver came into the office and asked her why she was wasting her time behind a desk instead of getting in front of the cameras. Ali admits she was rather starstruck at the time and she couldn't help but be envious of the earning power of the stars she was meeting. "I figured it wouldn't be a bad idea to be part of the action," she says. Ali started off with a modelling assignment for Australian *Vogue* and since, she's had a busy life doing plenty of other magazine work as well as fashion parades and TV commercials. Although all that work has kept Ali in the public eye, she is philosophical about the modelling business. "It's got a bit of glamor but there's a lot of hard work too. It's a give and take world," she explains. To most models, give and take means a daily battle with the tape measure and bathroom scales, but Ali says she's never had a weight problem.

"I can eat anything anytime and still keep as slim







"I like good physiques. I love looking at men's bodies. But physical appearance is not the most important thing. Someone who is sincere and faithful is also very attractive."



as when I was 17. Just lucky I guess!" she laughs. Ali says she's never had to do much exercise either to keep her trim figure. "I used to ride and show-jump horses and that kept me fit. I've just returned from a year's working holiday in Perth and I'm back exercising a friend's horse on weekends. It won't be long until I get a horse of my own and then I'll go back to a bit of competition riding." During winter Ali loves to go to the ski-fields but she admits that she's a summer girl at heart. "I love just lying on the beach with my Walkman and a good book," she says. "Then people don't come up and bug me when I'm sun-baking topless." Ali has done some research into her favorite beaches, and that includes some overseas investigations. Her choices are Sydney's Camp Cove, Perth's Swanbourne Beach, Hawaii and Bali. Swanbourne is a nudist beach and has earned a bit of a reputation for its annual Nude Olympics. "It was while I was at Swanbourne that I decided to try out to be a Playmate," says Ali. "Lying nude on the beach I couldn't help thinking that if I could do that in public, it would be easy to take off my clothes in front of the camera."





"My motto is never go backwards. I look ahead, and that goes for my career and relationships."

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Ali Lynwood

BUST: 88cm (35") WAIST: 61cm (24") HIPS: 88cm (35")

HEIGHT: 177cm WEIGHT: 54 kg SIGN: Libra

BIRTH DATE: 16-10-62

AMBITIONS: To be happy and successful at acting & modelling.

TURN-ONS: Driving fast cars, enjoying the sun, and gentle easing people.

TURN-OFFS: People who use hard drugs; are cruel to animals; insincere men.

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Thorn Birds, Rage of Angels, Chances.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Jim Croce, Bob Dylan, Bryan Brown.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Showjumping, skiing, softball.

IDEAL MAN: Brown eyes, long brown hair and a tanned, muscled body.

SECRET FANTASY: To make love to my ideal man on a secluded, moonlit beach.





MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Ala. Symwood





Miss December

MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



HERE COMES THE SUN

Close friends gather on a deserted beach to celebrate the start of a long, hot summer.







An isolated beach, the first hot days of summer, and close friends find time to enjoy a few blissful hours of solitude together.

What are Nicole's thoughts as she feels the sand beneath her feet, the cool water caressing her bare skin? Certainly not the cares of the city, the boyfriends left far behind. Now is the time for purely sensuous pleasures, for clearing her mind of everyday thoughts, and allowing herself to relax completely with her most intimate and erotic fantasies.

Perhaps she wishes for a fleeting moment that that special person could be with her. But, no, now is the time to simply lie back and let other kinds of indulgence hold sway.









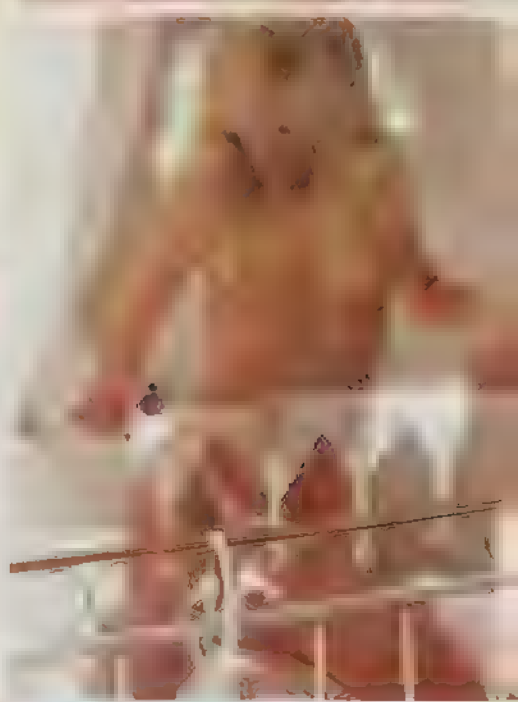
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL LEGGE

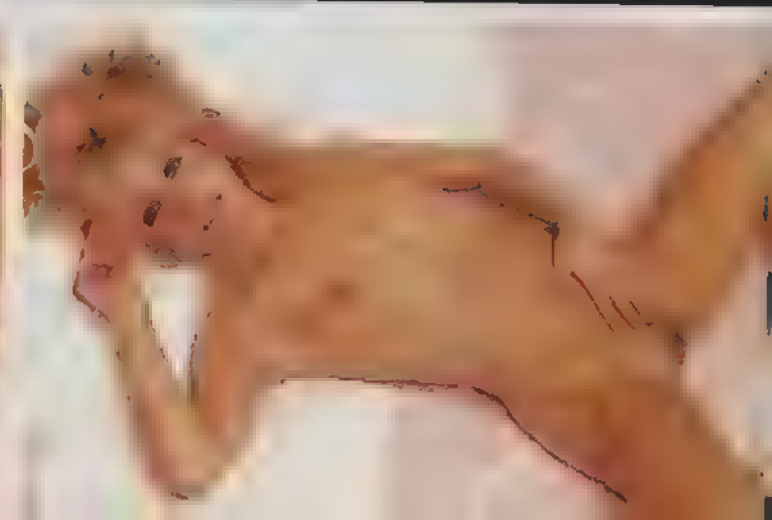


ABOUT FACE

Beautiful Ann Mellor is making up for lost time.

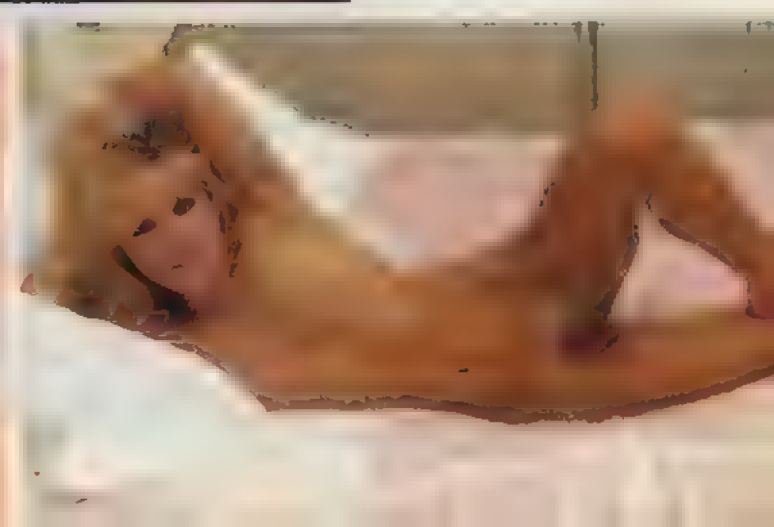
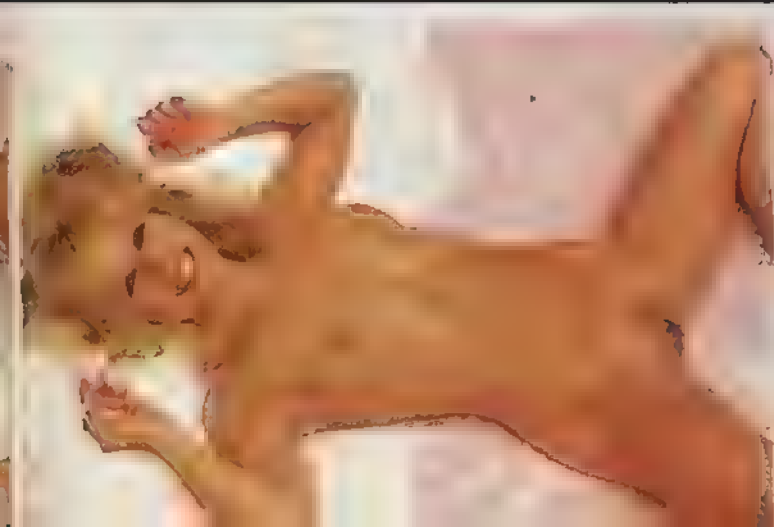


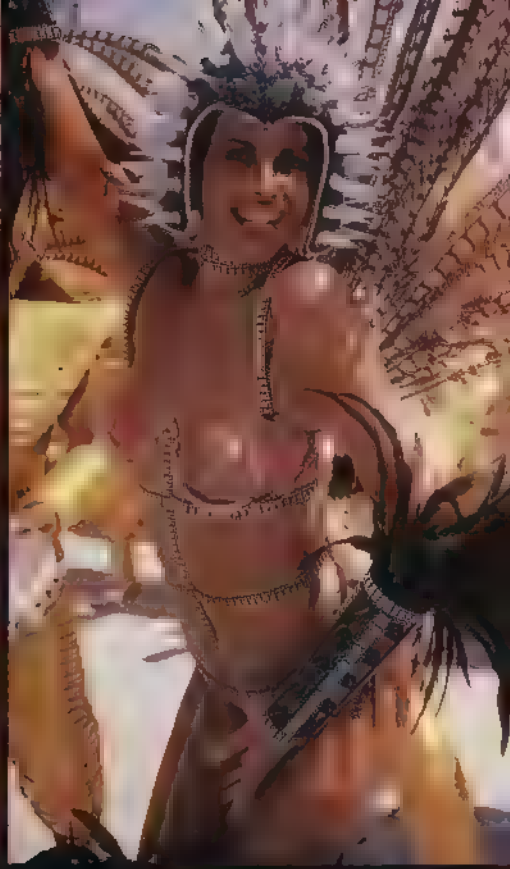
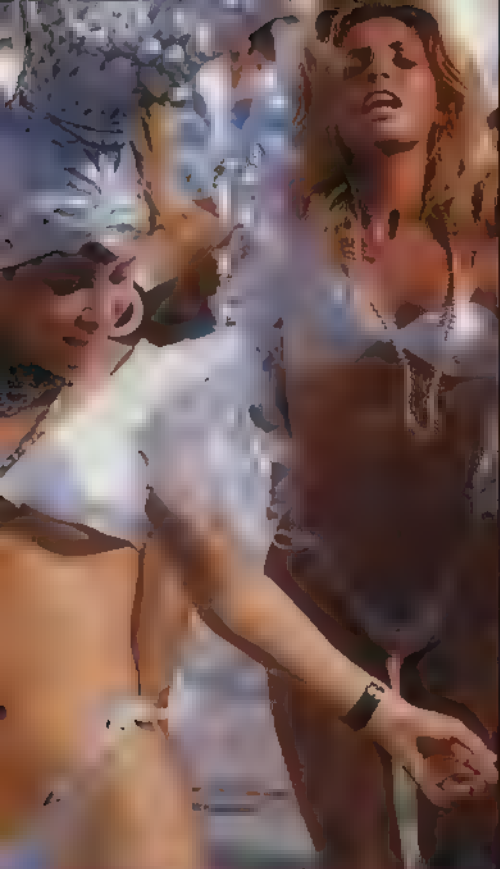






Beautiful Ann Mellor is a free-lance make-up artist who has worked on various films and TV programs seen across Australia. "I like the film work the best," she says. "It's a real buzz going on location and meeting all the stars. Everyone gets totally involved during the course of the shooting. It's like we're all in it together, part of a team, and I love that feeling of togetherness. "It feels really funny," explains Ann, "to be in front of the cameras. I'm usually the one who's making other women look perfect for filming. A lot of people have told me I should take up modelling or acting but I've been too nervous." It's obvious that Ann overcame her fears for her PLAYBOY pictorial shoot. She settled into the routine like a real trouper. Watch out, talent scouts and film directors. This is one young lady who's making up for lost time!





THE WORLD'S SEXIEST CARNIVAL

Kennie Ellis checks out the carnival pleasures of Rio's once-a-year romp.

"OH BRAH, Rio de Janeiro's Carnival is larger, louder, louder and more incredible than anything you can possibly imagine," says *The Insider's Guide To Rio*. For this list of superlatives should be added "louder," for it is not all the mouth-melting that seems to be at the

core of the Carnival moon.
There is nothing subtle about it. During Carnival the women of Rio at any time among the most sensual and alluring in the world display their libido like a badge of honor. Self-restraint goes out the window as they indulge in eye-severing performances of sexual exhibitionism.

Consider my first encounter with this phenomenon. On the evening of my arrival in Rio I am walking along the crowded Avenida Atlântica, the grand parade that runs beside the famous Copacabana beach. On one side the steadily throb of the shore break, on the other a wall of high-rise apartment blocks and towering hotels.

From somewhere amid the animated outdoor restaurants and street vendors comes the striving beat of the Afro-Latin rhythms. At Carnival you can always hear the drums. They are the heartbeat of Rio. I am drawn irresistibly to their source. The rhythm comes from four drummers whose focus is a lone dancer, a black temptress, the sort of woman who for most of us incarnates materialism in the most exotic of dreams.

It is said the samba is an interpretation of a West African dance simulating copulation. You better believe it.

This dancer speaks with her body and the message is not somewhere deep in the angle. It is like so much of Carnival, a confrontation with raw sexual energy. Her dancing is an invitation to animal fornication. This woman is so horny you are concerned with lust.

She is wearing a tiny yellow top that doesn't quite cover the underside of her swollen brown breasts. Her yellow mini-skirts have crept up the crease of her cheeks while her drums propel her hips violently from side to side. Then she shivers her pelvis invitingly at me. In-out, in-out as she moves quite deliberately in my direction, her breasts quivering, her nipples erect and straining at the clinging fabric of her top. Little rivulets of perspiration run from her swollen breasts down her stomach and disappear into the top of her shorts. She is advancing toward me, looking at me as if she is making love to me. And to all intents and purposes, she is, right here in the street in public.

A crowd has gathered around us as she shakes my hands and places them on her firm Afro-Cuban ass and holds them there while it turns and churns and I feel the flesh and underlying muscle responding to the drums. Then she stands behind me and grinds her pelvis into my back. The crowd loves it. I am, it is true, somewhat embarrassed by this flagrant display but with the crowd coming on strong it's a case of bite the bullet.

But this is just the warm-up. She motions for me to lie down on my back on the pavement and it is done in such a way that I dare not refuse. Then she straddles me and lowers her gyrating hips in time with the staccato drumming until her ass is resting



Top: The Sagar Luf Bull. Centre: Festivities at the sizzling Hippopotamus Club

Above: Contestants for the title of Panther Queen clash and swirl

my fly. The crowd yells approval and advice in excited Portuguese. Next she stands up and, still dancing, curves up my body until her crotch is above my face. My God. She wouldn't date. I try to sit up but she firmly raises me back with her foot. The crowd murmurs in anticipation and slowly very deliberately down comes the crotch of this extraordinarily voluptuous animal, dented by incredulous eyes. Her thighs are spread into at registers that she is not wearing undies.

By now the audience is nothing and nothing with feeling. A few centimetres from my face the advancing vulva stops. She smiles with great satisfaction, very sure of me and generous. I help me to sit up. The drummers turn up their tambourines and are passing them around for contributions and for me give generously.

Carnival in Rio is like his - up front, full-on and ripe with licentiousness. It is a time for temporary couplings, for sex on the sly when your best friend's liver allows you to seduce her.

Officially Carnival takes place over the four days preceding Ash Wednesday. It is an effort to work lamp posts and it infects the whole population of his breathtaking city which, with eight million people, is one of the biggest in the world. It's a time for dressing up, dancing, and drinking. Excesses of behaviour are more or less locally sanctioned and the customary restraints of law and morality are put aside. The carnivals as the people of Rio are called abandon themselves to the pulsating beat of the samba. Their stages are the avenues and ballrooms of this century city and they perform with a compelling mixture of spontaneity and style.

The climax and that is the most appropriate word, is probably the greatest show on earth. It is the coronation of a queen and the following morning the famous samba clubs stage a spectacular street parade in which thousands upon thousands of singing dancing brilliantly costumed Africans accompany great batteries of musicians and huge bands of their grandstands of cheering citizens. It is the culmination of a year's preparation of theme creation, song writing, of costume design and construction and of intense rehearsal, until suddenly on the two great nights tradition, history and culture come together to be presented in a pulsating African peoples by joyous, extroverted Brazilians.

Mainly it is the black poor and disadvantaged the carnival stage dwellers who make up the mass of parading people. Carnival is a time of illusion when for a night they become kings and queens and emotions run high. But no less enthusiastic than these descendants of African slaves are the privileged white of Rio who also at Carnival with the same primitive urges to join the less fortunate in the exuberant rituals.

Starting in the parade are the *canecas*, misshapen, brown-skinned girls of mixed blood, who seem to be possessed of all that is erotic and erotic in a woman. They are clad in the skimpiest of costumes — bejeweled and sequined G-string that reveal and emphasize the famous Brazilian *bunda*, the arse, the bum, the adored rear-end that is the symbol of the Carioca's sexuality. Their breasts are either bare or vaguely covered by a token pearl or two through which the brown nut of a nipple will invariably protrude.

These provocative women parade themselves with all the narcissistic pride they can summon. Some of them ride high on the *baús* like pagan goddesses, others strut their stuff on the street, all hips and bum samba. Sometimes they draw attention to themselves by offering their breasts to their eager, tambourine-wielding male companions to lick and kiss, all of which is faithfully recorded on live TV and in the following day's press. The media are obsessed with Carnival.

While the official parades and the random street parties are the public expression of Carnival, it is at the private costume balls that the real extremes of behavior and sexual excesses are experienced. The balls, which begin a week or so before the parades, are wild Bacchanalian rump where hundreds of costumed, sweating revellers writh together on the packed dance floor or carouse in the surrounding private boxes.

Cachaça, Brazil's rocket-fuel sugar cane spirit, and uncut cocaine are beady stimulants, while local whiskey, champagne and beer flow free.

One can usually purchase tickets to most of these balls. They are expensive and to make it worthwhile you need unfailing stamina. Carnival makes great demands on one's resilience; the music and dancing will not stop until the first rays of dawn creep across the sky, and there is the constant feeling the nights will degenerate into wild orgies.

Such acclaimed Flamingo soccer club holds its infamous Black And Red Ball on the Thursday before Carnival. "If you are at all prudish," warns the guidebook, "this is the one Carnival event to stay away from."

The Black And Red Ball is a no-holds-barred encounter between the sexes. Whereas many of the other balls boast titless women, here the very daring can be bottomless as well. Often they are helped out by their G-string by active male hands which do not necessarily stop at merely pulling off lingerie. The balls are a more motivated *rodada* to favored by the women of Rio are kissed, fondled and more as the tempo of the night reaches fever pitch. The group activities of the Black And Red Ball are photographed by the ever-vigilant paparazzi and appear in *Playboy* and X-rated magazines which appear in the news kiosks within a day or two of the event.



Street parades during Carnival feature beauties clad in the skimpiest of costumes.

Of all the Carnival parties the Super Leaf Ball (tickets cost up to \$100 each) has the most striking *aria en vogue*. It is held on one of the peaks of Rio's renowned mountain landmarks and it can only be reached by cablecar. At the terminal I am approached by a neat-caked symphonic who implores me to buy her ticket. Everyone wants to go to the Super Leaf Ball. It is the place to be seen and it attracts the glitziest of Rio. Among the women the competition seems to be who can wear the least amount of clothing with the greatest amount of style.

The dancing is lein-striving and intense, the tempo frenetic, the scorching mob totally under the spell of the samba band. Women, glistening with sweat and glitter, climb on

to tables and other vantage points, not so much to see, but to be seen. They bump and grind to the rousing music, arms extended to the heavens, hips discarded, eyes glazed; they are blinded out in some private world. Their hands and their breasts are kissed by strangers but their rhythm never falters.

The music and the dances are still raging as the sun comes up across the Atlantic Ocean. The band has not paused all night and, as you quaff your last bucket of excellent, ice-cold Brazilian beer and crush into the cablecar with a group of exhausted merry-makers for the aerial shuttle back to *terra firma*, the samba drummers are in there with you, still beating their iron-tyms. There are many other balls over the

Writer/photographer Dennis Ellis (top right) joins in the colorful courting.

HOW TO GET THERE

The dates for 1986 Carnival in Rio are February 8 to 11. Options for travel from Australia include a connection by Qantas to Los Angeles and then a transfer to a Varig Brazilian Airlines flight to Rio, or a trans-Pacific flight by Air New Zealand or Continental Airlines to Los Angeles and a connection the following day on Varig to Rio. The former option means passengers arrive in Rio the day after departure from Australia; the latter alternative involves arriving the second day. Low season fares (January 16 to November 30) are \$2300 Sydney-Rio return; high season (December 1 to January 15) is \$2552. A further option is available from Aerolineas Argentinas involving a Qantas or Air New Zealand flight to Auckland, then a connection by the Argentinian carrier to Buenos Aires, a side-trip to the magnificent Iguaçu Falls, and a further connection to Rio. Fares are the same as for the US route but the actual flying time works out at just 19 hours from Sydney to Rio.

Carnival week, including the City Ball, Champagne Ball, One Night In Baghdad Ball, the very exclusive society night at the Hippopotamus Club and the unforgettable Old Gay Ball at Help Disco right on Copacabana beach. At the vibrant Old Gay Ball, half of Rio seems to be swarming around to drag or the most incredible fantasy costumes. Exhibitionism is rampant and the smell of carnality is in the air. Two or three times I am forced to remove a roving hand from my balls. Some of the most beautiful women are, or were, men and they delight in showing off their hormone-fed breasts and realizing hysterical screams.

One of the most extraordinary performances I witnessed at Carnival was the annual Night Of The Panthers, a beauty quest where the emphasis is on over sexualized young Brazilian men, shapely girls parade on a stage before a panel of celebrity judges including Roberto Carlos, Rio's most famous transsexual, a beautiful "woman" who is immensely popular with the Cariocas.

The girls vying for the Panther Queen title are bromated and oiled Acetone. There tiny rumps of leopard-skin fabric are their only pretence to modesty. As each girl's name is called she slinks and snails her way across the stage like a caged animal, striking the most seductive poses or swinging on ropes to draw notes of approval from a very agitated audience. As with so many uninhibited Brazilian women, the effect is calculated to promote the female as a sex object. It is a kind of theatre that goes hand in hand with Carnival's libertine attitudes. From the balconies of my eleven-story apartment in Copacabana I look across the street into a bedroom where every night I can watch three attractive girls preparing for the balls. This, too, is a performance. For two or more hours they climb in and out of various costumes, preening in front of a large mirror, striving for the ultimate effect. They do clever things with their hair, shave under their arms, check the bikini line for unmaned pubes and apply each other's make-up with the dexterity of master designers. I suspect that not only do they know I watch this intimate toilet but they take delight in performing for me and for anyone else whose eyes are drawn to the forever uncurtained window.

From my balcony I can also see Mount Corcovado thrusting into the sky. On its peak and overlooking all Rio is a giant statue of Christ, his arms outspread as if to embrace the city. Or perhaps he is really recoiling in horror from a bedonko's vendetta. I did notice that during the trial the statue was often hidden by low clouds if the good Lord, in a gesture of capitulation, preferred not to see the indolences that were acted out below.





"He's been that way ever since he picked up that female impersonator by mistake."

NEXT MONTH

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: **TONY GREIG** HITS OUT ON THE STATE OF AUSSIE CRICKET, KERRY PACKER AND TURMOIL IN SOUTH AFRICA.



LOVELY **LINDA KRIJGSMAN** IS JUST WILD ABOUT THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN OUTDOORS.

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